

A Few Nights at Fuckington's : Fourth Night

Written by Klesk Vadrigaar

"Evening Michelle! You there?" The voice queried over the telephone.

"I'm here. Ready as always." The canine replied, though a bit distracted.

"Good, good. Listen, I have a question here from the lab boys for you."

Immediately Michelle stopped with her usual struggle of buttoning up her shirt and looked at the phone on her desk.

"And...that is?" She hesitantly asked.

"Did anything bad happen with the dolls last night?"

The canine looked down at her half buttoned shirt, realizing she'd attired herself as best as she could since the remaining buttons had been ripped off during the events of the previous night. Briefly she contemplated on getting the garment repaired, only to then ponder if she really needed to. She quite liked the amount of deep, cavernous cleavage that was left on display and it felt more comfortable to just let her clothes be stretched wider by her enormous assets.

"No, well not quite...umm, Marie found her way to the S&M racks again, then accidentally snagged Lotus with one of the whips. It *looked* like things were going to turn nasty...but, the two of them surprisingly got on quite well with each other once they worked past the initial awkwardness." The canine said as she put on her cap and sat down at the desk. A pause followed as the morph on the line rustled papers and jotted down notes.

"Interesting. Marie didn't force Lotus to do anything did she?"

"Well, yes...sort of. I think Lotus encouraged her somewhat. Shi seemed to enjoy being dominated." The canine heard more scratching as her manager hastily scribbled some more.

"Most interesting. And what about Lizzie? Can you explain the damage that occurred to her?"

Claws promptly sank themselves into the vinyl armrests as Michelle's heart leapt into her throat, then sank into the very pit of her stomach.

"I...ye....yes I can. I got distracted with keeping an eye on Marie and Lotus...Lizzie came into the security office and....um...gave me a bit of a shock. I

accidentally dropped the tablet on hir and kicked hir.” The shepherd weakly explained, then quickly added. “It was entirely my fault! I reacted out of instinct!”

Immediately she felt worse for saying that, but at the same time she was feeling pretty bad already for what had actually happened. As the frantic scratching of pen against paper finally ceased she fully expected that a reprimand was imminent. Just as well really, she felt she deserved it.

“Hmmm, well that’s understandable. Can’t blame you for it.” Her manager said instead. Michelle blinked, then felt another worry immediately leap to mind.

“Wait...but...Lizzie’s okay right?” She asked with trepidation.

“Oh yes, shi’s fine. Just a slight bit of bruising on hir epidermal covering. Nothing that the lab boys couldn’t instantly fix.”

Michelle felt her spirits lift. “Okay, I...was worried. I mean, you know, considering how important the dolls are.”

A chuckle echoed over the phone.

“They’re more durable than you might think. Honestly, I’m more intrigued by the social behavior you say they exhibited. Today’s tests showed they’ve almost fully developed their own unique character traits, but there was nothing to indicate they’ve manifested any semblance of affection for certain individuals. The ability to express desire of their own accord, especially for each other, wasn’t part of their programming.”

Michelle arched an eyebrow.

“Well, yes, but at the same time, they are sophisticated AIs. I mean, if what we’ve seen in the last 10 years are anything to go by, that sort of unexpected development is kind of par for the course.” She argued.

“Indeed. Please keep an extra vigilant eye on them tonight, Michelle. If what you say is true, we’re going to need to re-think the whole marketing scheme with these things.” Her manager ordered. With a nod, Michelle reached for the tablet.

“Sure! Any suggestions on what I should do if they get up to any more unusual hijinks?”

“Well, this is at your own discretion, but you could try speaking with them to get more information.”

The canine glanced up. “Really?”

“Yep. Apparently they were quite talkative today so all efforts to encourage that are welcome. They’ve got no reason to lie, least so far as we know, so see if they’ll say anything noteworthy to you.”

Michelle felt her heart leap a second time, only now it managed to maintain the height.

“Uhhh....okay then. I can do that.”

“Perfect. I’ll leave you to get on with your work then. Night!”

The phone clicked into silence and Michelle leaned back as she studied the camera feeds. All four dolls were where they should be in their recharge capsules, and from the events of the past few nights, Michelle guessed it would probably be only a matter of minutes before that ceased to be the case. Just as well really, because she had other concerns on her mind.

Now that she knew Lizzie was okay, the shepherd had to reflect on the feelings the roo had sparked during the previous night, how shi’d brought her to the peak of ecstasy, then retreated when it appeared that hir efforts had not pleased the shepherd. Michelle had tried to apologize, then Sabrina, the bird bot, had come along to fill in the gap left by her cohort, but still the marsupial lingered on her thoughts. It was so strange how she felt both yearning and doubt in equal measures for the doll, but again the shepherd knew what that signified, and that realization troubled her more than anything else.

“Speaking with them...hmpf. Are they even going to care about what I have to say?” She cynically pondered as she cycled back to the testing area. As expected, Marie and Lotus were already gone, off to explore the building, or maybe each other...probably both. Michelle felt her body quiver at the thought of the two continuing their carnal antics from the previous night.

“Well I guess there’s only one way to find out. Might as well do it while I still can.” She tossed the tablet on the desk and walked over to the test area. The kangaroo and bird were standing as perfectly still as ever in their capsules, their robotic nature showing in how they lacked even the slight inflation of their chests to show that they were breathing.

“Evening Liz, Sabrina.” Michelle stated, to complete silence. “You two doing okay?”

The dolls stared straight ahead, with neither a quiver nor even a nod of acknowledgement to their visitor. Trying to not let this discourage her, Michelle bravely stepped closer to the roo and examined hir. Despite having taken some fairly decent licks, the marsupial showed no bruises or blemishes. Michelle felt relieved.

“Well, you’re looking good, Lizzie. I’m glad they were able to fix you after...that is...what happened....umm...”

The relief dispersed back into uncomfortable silence as Michelle hit a mental block. The roo’s insistence on remaining stationary seemed more and more deliberate, like shi was trying to ignore the shepherd as if out of spite, or fear.

“Look, uh...what I said last night? That all still stands. I’m sorry for what happened and I’d like to make up for it. If you want to drop by the security office, I’ll keep the doors open for you.” Michelle pleaded. “For both of you. You can drop by again too, Sabrina! I mean, if you want.”

The bird maintained her fellow dolls’ resolute, making Michelle’s spirits sink. She didn’t want to force them if they honestly didn’t want to be bothered, but at the same time, at least some manner of a response would be nice!

“So, uh, just wanted to say that. You know where I’ll be if you...uh...want me.”

Ears and eyes fell as the canine realized how desperate she sounded. She kept trying to repeat her manager’s spiel; that these were machines and she needn’t worry about hurting them. It didn’t help.

“Machines yeah...gorgeous, and so life-like machines...” Michelle sighed as she walked back to the security office. This was as ridiculous as it was perplexing. How could she be developing feelings for something she’d only known for a few days and who’s interactions had consisted mostly of awkward stares and stilted conversation?

“Well...it’s not like your last relationship didn’t have similar roots...” The canine said to herself as she grabbed the tablet and checked the cameras. Interestingly, the other two bots were not where she’d expected to find them. Lotus was standing in the staff break room, studying a magazine shi’d picked up from the coffee table, while Marie was standing before the piles of DVDs in the warehouse, swiveling her head around as if checking the titles for something decent to watch.

“Also, let’s face facts here. These bots aren’t mindless sex toys either...”

Michelle pawed idly with the ripped hem of her shirt as she watched the black bunny pick a movie off the stacks. Giving the blurb on the back a thorough read through (which was quite an accomplishment in itself considering the lights were off and she was wearing sunglasses) Marie stripped the plastic overwrap and walked over to where a portable player had been set up for the staff. Placing the DVD in, she pressed play and idly cocked her head as the screen lit up. Zooming in, Michelle caught a glimpse of the movie’s title: *“Bondage Queen Kate : Volume 3”* Going on that, it was pretty obvious what the content was going to be about, and given who was viewing it, the choice made sense. Marie’s gloved paws tightened

into fists as a montage began playing, showing folk enjoying the extremities of being tied up, whipped, made to worship those whom they called 'master' and other such pleasurably degrading activities. Clearly she recognized this as her programmed forte, yet as Michelle zoomed in closer she could still catch the same wonder on the lapin's face as when she'd found the whip rack the night before. Marie was finding the images to not only be arousing, but also informational. Like all sentient machines she wanted to learn, and this was prime quality educational material! At least, for those with a kinky mindset.

Michelle bit down on her finger as the rabbit gradually got into the mood of the movie, the forward slant of her ears showing she was paying close attention to every move and every moan of the characters on screen. One paw trekked north to the heavy heft of her breasts, the other to the expected second spot down between her legs. On the screen before her, moans of both pleasure and pain echoed forth, and behind the screen the lapin was on, Michelle fought the urge to follow suit as she watched Marie enjoy herself. Every so often she flipped back to the staff break room to check on Lotus, finding the red panda still standing beside an ever growing pile of magazines. Clearly shi deeply absorbed in whatever she was reading, and simultaneously shi was adding more fuel to the previous argument that yes, she was a lot more intelligent than anyone could have anticipated.

Unable to help herself, Michelle let her thoughts drift away from the cameras and resume their focus on another individual, one that was no more than a few rooms away physically, but still seemed unreachable due the respective difference in status.

At least, that's what the canine told herself. Even if machines were now able to think like living beings, that didn't mean anyone was in a hurry to get into a relationship with one (well, if they did the media had yet to say anything about it). What's more these were highly advanced prototypes that Fuckington's had no doubt invested a lot of money into, not something a sensible employee would want to mess with if they valued their career.

Except....

Except....

Well, for one Michelle kind of already had messed with them (if inadvertently) and two her superiors so far had all but encouraged her to take a more active role so really, how was it bad that she wanted to basically do as asked?

Hearing a rustle at the window, Michelle looked up to see a familiar avian shadowed in the hallway. Confirming the canine was where she said she'd be, Sabrina stepped into the office, with a welcome surprise in tow.

"You want to make up? Well, let's make up." The bird said as she gently pulled Lizzie in with her. The roo looked understandably nervous. Michelle shared the sentiment as she rose and stood before the dolls.

"Oh, well...okay." She said as Lizzie averted her gaze. "I...uh...hope you aren't mad at me..."

The marsupial looked to the avian, and Sabrina gave a very life like roll of her eyes.

"You got excited and lashed out while helpless to the force of your orgasm. While exercising some restraint would've been preferred, your actions correspond with natural impulsive behavior."

Michelle felt cautious relief wash over her a second time, but the bird gestured that she wasn't done speaking yet.

"What puzzles us more is your attitude in the aftermath. It matches the patterns exhibited by Marie and Lotus, except directed exclusively at Liz."

Michelle swallowed heavily. "I...well, I guess I can't deny that...but I still enjoyed what you and I did afterwards! I mean...."

Sabrina nodded thoughtfully. "That much can be easily confirmed. Indeed, you exhibited substantially more enthusiasm and passion than those assigned to test us out."

Placing her hands on Lizzie's back, the bird gently pushed her towards the shepherd. "As such, it is more logical that you direct such behavior to the one you truly wish to receive it."

Liz stumbled as her center of gravity was upset. Briefly she slipped into free fall, but just as quickly Michelle's arms were there to catch her, and her bosom was there to cushion the roo's landing.

Doll and canine lapsed into silence as they lapsed into each other. The situation demanded that some manner of words be exchanged, but for the life of them neither female could think of what to say. Michelle's body grew hot with both blush and excitement. Liz felt warm, soft, and smelled like fresh summer roses. Her adorable features were bowed as much in embarrassment as the one holding her, and she seemed so wanting, yet so reluctant it made Michelle's heart melt.

"I...apologize for running from you like that. It seemed an appropriate response to danger, but later I realized it was wrong of me." Liz said.

Michelle's chest heaved against the substantial weight of the roo's own magnificent tits. Not only had Liz comprehended the logic and ability to enact a 'fight or flight' response, but shi also understood that it was a complete accident. Shi really was expanding beyond the parameters of hir programming, and at such a fast rate!

"It's okay, Liz, really it is. Let's just put it behind us and...um...talk. I'm told you all have taken a liking to conversation lately."

Sabrina nodded as she climbed onto the desk and made herself comfortable. Michelle noted she adopted a very provocative pose, with one leg bent up against the soft swell of her breast and the other resting off the side so her womanhood was clearly visible. Course, then again, she was designed to just do that naturally so the canine thought little of it. Instead she focused on settling herself back into her chair, while making sure to keep a firm hold on the roo in her arms. Liz felt too good to let go of, and dammit if she was going to let hir get away from her a second time!

"It feels pleasing to use our speech circuits. Being able to communicate in a manner that is more universally understood provides additional input for us to develop on."

Michelle nodded meekly as she found her office chair and sat down. Liz submissively knelt before her, as if wishing to further show how sorry she was, another gesture Michelle felt was unwarranted but made sense. Her chest took up most of her lap so the roo couldn't really sit there, and hir position made it easier for hir to rest against Michelle's comfy boobs while the shepherd gently stroked through her headfur.

"So...uh...what do you want to talk about?" The canine finally asked.

"You, if that is acceptable."

Michelle looked to Sabrina who simply stared inquisitively back.

"Initially you displayed several of the behavioral patterns that those who made us feared: caution, distrust, doubt, yet as this week has gone on all of those have ceased. Your alteration is...surprising. We wish to know why."

Michelle looked down at Lizzie.

"Why? Heh, you're asking the wrong morph for that."

Now Sabrina cocked her head.

"At first the concept of you all seemed too amazing to be true. Then when I saw you moving about I figured it would be better to play it safe. Then I ran into Liz

and...well, nothing happened.” Michelle scratched behind one of the roo’s tapering ears, marveling at how it twitched to show Liz could both feel it and apparently enjoyed the attention.

“You could have attacked me, or hurt me, but instead you just let me be...”

The roo looked puzzled. “You did nothing to indicate you were hostile. It seemed I was more at fault for hindering you from doing your job.”

“Yes well, it was still a shock. Add that to seeing how...um...apt you are at what you were designed to do and....well....I guess I’m just getting swept up in what incredible creations you are.”

Sabrina’s eyes rotated down, as if she was temporarily relieving herself of the need to see so she could process this information. Lizzie on the other paw, well, perhaps Michelle was just getting drunk on the thrill of having the marsupial so close but she swore she saw a hint of restrained want cross her features.

“That makes sense. Those hired to test us have expressed similar sentiments...however, your vocal tone suggests that is not the only reason...”

Michelle cautiously looked back at the bird, then drew away when those ponderous mechanical orbs were levelled at her again.

“When you stated nothing happened between you and Lizzie, I detected a hint of disappointment. Do you regret that nothing came of your first encounter?”

Now Michelle felt a chill streak down her back. The dolls were clearly not only advancing at a staggering rate, but they were clawing at every valuable scrap of information from their surroundings that could help maintain the pace.

“I....well....I....” The canine felt her face grow hot as her spine grew colder. Looking down again, the canine told herself to focus instead on the pleasure of having Liz nestled in her boobs and try to ignore how awkward this conversation was getting. “I guess so?”

Sabrina seemed pleased by this, though Liz looked even more puzzled now.

“Why?” The marsupial asked.

Michelle thought, then shrugged.

“I’m as much of a curious mind as anyone else. Having the opportunity to see what you all can do is quite tempting...”

“But why me? Why do you regard me with more affection than Sabrina, or Lotus or Marie?” Liz persisted.

And again the ice was back, crawling down Michelle’s spine like a bothersome bug that couldn’t be shooed away. Swallowing heavily, the canine frantically tried to think of what would be the most diplomatic way of answering. She didn’t want to mention any physical differences between the dolls for fear that might offend Sabrina, but that left little in the way of what else to use as a response. Honestly she still had no idea why Liz enthralled her more than the other bots, yet she had to say something.

“Well I suppose it’s because....because...” She looked down at the roo again, noticing the way his eyes sparkled as light and electricity worked its way through his body. His lips were flush with a purple toned lipstick that made them look oh so kissable, and the way he smelled...holy heavens was it intoxicating! There was also the matter of his perfectly oversized bust, and that nice huge maleness Michelle could feel pressed against her leg. Really what did Liz have that enthralled the shepherd so? Aside from pretty much everything.

“You’re just...you. A perfect mix of what I find appealing.” Michelle finally replied, feeling her heart beat faster as Liz seemed to blush at this. Whether that was an instinctive reaction, or whether she’d just been programmed to do that when praised Michelle couldn’t say, and what’s more, she honestly didn’t care.

“So Liz better meets your requirements than the rest of us. This is acceptable.” Sabrina mused in satisfaction. “How strong would you rate your feelings for him? Do you lust for him or are you truly in love with him?”

Michelle stared at the bird in disbelief. As if trying to explain her attraction to the roo wasn’t hard enough, now Sabrina was forcing this on her too? Well, okay, she could hazard a guess as to why, but still the conversation was getting uncomfortably personal.

“That’s...a little hard for me to decide considering we’ve only known each other a few days...” The shepherd muttered. A moan from the tablet gave her an idea. “What would you define that as?”

Sabrina picked up the tablet and studied the screen. Marie was on the floor, frantically fingering herself as the actors on the TV continued to fuck and thrash each other into ecstasy. As if summoned by the carnal symphony, Lotus nervously stepped into view, with the whip Marie had been using clutched in his paws. The bunny turned and lifted her sunglasses as the sight of her fellow sex doll, then quietly gaped as Lotus fell to his knees and presented the lapin with the whip; a silent plea for her to make what was happening on the TV into a reality. Marie hesitated, cocking her ears as if unable to believe the red panda actually wanted more of the punishment she’d heaped upon her. As Lotus looked at her with his

beautiful eyes, however, the bunny found the strength to crawl over. She took the whip and gripped Lotus by the chin, staring deeply into his gentle features. She pulled the red panda into a kiss, a little sign to show she would be more than happy to do as she wanted.

Then with a good strong shove she shoved her fellow doll onto the floor. Standing up, Marie stared in apparent dismay at the massive erection arching over Lotus' tummy and chest. She cracked the whip against his cock and watched Lotus thrash in delight. Gritting her teeth, the lapin brought the whip as speed across his breasts, and her fellow doll cried along with the actors.

"Lotus and Marie have connected in a way beyond simple companionship. We...do not know how to define what they feel for each other. It is why they both insist on exploring their bond further..." Sabrina trembled as the screams of orgasm danced with the flurry of fast whip cracks. "And why we ask you for further insight."

Swallowing heavily, Michelle looked down at the cute roo face nuzzled so perfectly between her boobs. Feeling her paw move of its own accord, she reached for the ripped part of her shirt and gave it a gentle pull.

"You all are...incredibly beautiful. A lot of what I feel could be defined as lust..."

The shepherd's loins burned with wet want as the remaining buttons popped off her shirt, one by one. Slowly she tore the garment the rest of the way open so Liz could have free access to what she truly craved. The little murr of joy as the marsupial robot got a proper face full of giant doggy tits made Michelle's heart melt.

"But as for Liz...if we were to continue to interact like this? Yeah I suppose what I feel for her could be love." The canine said. Nodding again, Sabrina slid off the desk and walked over to trail a hand delicately across Michelle's shoulders.

"There is talk of making other models like us. Many more Lizzies will be made. How can you say you love this one in particular when soon there will be plenty exactly like him?" The bird sounded almost sad. Michelle reached up to stroke through the feathers of her arm.

"Cause history says otherwise? The sentient machines that came before you all developed their own unique quirks and preferences the longer they remained switched on. Why should you be any different?"

This seemed to satisfy Sabrina, as much as it satisfied Liz. Two warm, feathery arms wrapped around Michelle's neck as a pair of similar furred paws kneaded the soft flesh of her bosom.

“You are a fascinating mindset.” Sabrina whispered. Michelle’s heart beat faster as the crow kissed her softly on the cheek.

“I’m...mmm...just being honest...” She weakly replied. Another kiss brought her to moan as it was placed upon her left breast. Liz was having to readjust her position since the canine’s chest took up almost all of her lap (and shi of course had hir own immense rack in the way as well) but with a little shifting and some nice squishing, shi was soon letting Michelle feel just how real and incredible hir fur felt against hir own.

“It is appreciated. We regret you cannot be part of the team assigned to test us out.” Sabrina mused, likewise enjoying the feel of the shepherd’s heat and her adorable bashfulness. “We wonder, now that you have the one you love at your disposal, what will you do with hir?”

Michelle looked down at Liz, her body burning with desire for her roo.

“Well, first, this...” She cupped the marsupial’s face and pulled her into a kiss. Man, if she thought Liz was perfect on the outside, she was soon to find it went far deeper than just her appearance. Her mouth tasted like cinnamon, hot but deliciously spicy. Hir synthetic tongue wetly lashed against the canine’s, jousting amidst their teeth and their tonsils. Michelle quietly pondered if this was also part of the marsupial’s programming, or whether shi actually was returning her feelings. Either way, this was at least clearing up some of her pondering on how ‘real’ the behavior of these sex bots were.

“And...and after that...” Michelle pushed the roo off her and stood up. “I’m telling hir to take a seat.”

Confusion danced with interest in Liz’s eyes, at least, Michelle thought she could see such. The roo took her place in the office chair, and trembled as the canine tore her shirt the rest of the way off.

“Think I need to finish...making up for yesterday.” The shepherd replied as she tugged her pants open then wiggled herself out of them. Her panties were soaked through by this point and it was truly a relief just ripping them off and throwing them into the garbage. Professional or not, Michelle needed to be more properly attired like the dolls were now; remind herself how good it felt being naked.

Paying a momentary note to her duties the shepherd checked the tablet, and murred upon seeing Marie and Lotus were getting down to business too. The bunny had her whip firmly wrapped around her lovers’ neck, holding hir entirely at her whim while Lotus furiously thrust hir cock into her dominating lapin. Even with their faces obscured by the darkness, it was plain that they were lost in the rapture

of their affection for each other, affection Michelle intended to share in, immediately!

Kneeling before Lizzie, the canine took a moment to admire her now fully erect member. It looked to be as big as her thigh and arched majestically to match the curvature of the marsupial's boobs. Below it, Liz's testes hung like a pair of bowling balls in their tan furred sac. Some might construe the roo was a bit too big for their tastes (acceptably so) but for Michelle, she could not have been more perfectly proportioned. The shepherd wasted no time in smothering that gorgeous cock between her breasts, feeling her heart do a little jump as Lizzie squirmed with evident enjoyment. She licked the bright red bell, amazed to find the designers had even gone the distance of making the synthetic flesh taste delicious.

"You truly are the pinnacle of technological evolution." The shepherd whispered before filling her mouth again. Liz winced and moaned terribly as she thrust into the warmth of both boobs and mouth, giving Michelle all the incentive she needed to suck harder.

"We are whatever you need us to be." Sabrina replied as she walked around and knelt behind the canine. Michelle's tail was wagging ferociously, acting like a flag to bring attention to the areas of interest beneath it. The canine's tight pucker was clenching with each bob of her head, while her puffy sex was dripping with heat and the wet need to be filled. Sabrina paid each a kiss as she massaged the canine's huge and beautiful butt, content to see that Michelle was enjoying the attention. Feeling her need down below was being tended to, the shepherd slowed her suckling a tad. She didn't want this to end as soon as it began, more so considering it was an experience that only a privileged few had been allowed to partake of thus far. As Lizzie's breasts bounced and batted her nose, Michelle slid her mouth further down the roo's pole. It may have been bigger than any she'd handled before, but as a dog she had a fairly long muzzle to work with. Not to mention there was plenty of space in her throat to help with the excess. Holding her gag reflex back, the shepherd kept swallowing the tasty flesh, blinking in surprise when she felt a jet of pre shoot down her throat. Bringing her muzzle back out of her boobs, Michelle held the head in her mouth and circled her tongue around it. The distinct flavor of apples hit her tastebuds as Liz unleashed another spurt, revealing that yes her fluids had been flavored just like her skin.

"You aren't kidding." Michelle said as she took her maw off the cock and let it splash a few streams over her face. "Can you change how you taste on request?"

Lizzie nodded. "We have a default array of flavors, but can add to that by ingesting and studying additional consumables."

A very bizarre thought struck Michelle's mind. "You mean, I could also treat you to dinner as well as use you as a lover?"

The roo looked very awkward, and Michelle imagined that behind her Sabrina was wearing the same expression.

"We have not been run through many social situations yet. What's more our internal workings are mainly designed for liquids so you may find us disappointing table company." The bird replied. Michelle was not dissuaded.

"But, it could be done, right?"

Both dolls nodded.

"If that is what you wish, we are capable of delivering." Sabrina replied as she licked at Michelle's petals. "We find the need to vary our flavors perplexing though. You have only one taste, and it is perfectly fine. Why do you require more?"

Michelle looked to the twitching cock nestled between her breasts. She licked the head again and now tasted strawberry working its way into Lizzie's pre.

"It makes you more attractive, being able to do things we mere organic beings cannot." She replied. The comment struck her as a bit rude, but again she was being honest, just as she was about the offer of dinner. Inwardly the canine questioned her logic about the latter point, but as she resumed slurping up Lizzie's wonderful shaft it didn't seem all that weird. She could imagine herself on a date with the marsupial, getting to actually interact with him in a more personal setting rather than the impromptu location of the security office. Then she could take him home, snuggle with him on the couch, maybe have a nice romantic bath together and just act like...like...

Like lovers? Like a couple?

Michelle looked at the tapering ears twitching above the bountiful boobs. Even if the latter was obscuring Lizzie's face she could still imagine his expression: total rapture and surrender to the pleasure of having such a tender mouth on her sensitive flesh. In other words exactly like how a real living being would react to getting a blowjob and a tit fuck.

Real...wasn't that fast becoming a funny word? Part of Michelle's mind was still screaming that neither of the two morphs in the office with her were real, nor were those she could hear enjoying themselves on the tablet. Simultaneously, however, several other parts were querying the dissenter to define what 'real' was. The cock in her mouth felt real enough, the one it was attached to was displaying real emotions. That was a real feeling tongue probing deep into her pussy, and the hands kneading her fat rump cheeks were no phantasm. If she was only going on what she would feel and touch then what was real besides a bunch of sensory data being processed by her mind into something comprehensive? The same data that the dolls were processing in the exact same way.

As more pre filled her muzzle, dripping down her cheeks to splash onto her breasts, Michelle thought about being in a relationship with Lizzie. Things would be awkward sure, but that was pretty common among a great many couples. It'd be weird when Lizzie would have to go back for maintenance, or if something in hir broke down....but then again, how was that different to an organic morph having to go to the doctor for checkups? Or the hospital for an injury? What about her need for recharging? Was that any different to how a normal morph needed sleep? Really, save for a few differences in application how was Michelle really that different to the machine she was sucking off?

Lizzie promptly answered the canine's query with a hard thrust into her throat, causing her to gag as drool ran down the roo's length. Taking a breath through her nose, Michelle silently told herself to save the philosophical debate for another time. She had a marsupial to attend to, and a crow that was making sure she wasn't far behind. Moaning around the flesh as Sabrina stuffed her beak into her depths as an improvised dildo, Michelle grabbed for Liz's balls, rubbing the weighty orbs for more of their offering as the roo gasped and moaned in likewise want. Even in the midst of ecstasy hir voice still sounded so cute, so gentle yet light with each plead for pleasure. It made Michelle's desire worse, her chest a plane of fire as she realized how badly she wanted the roo. She wanted to make hir cum, to let hir stuff hir huge cock into her and claim the canine as hir own, to curl up next to her and sleep the sleep of the truly content....if this was what the designers had intended, they had been dangerously successful.

"Michelle....ngh...I'm going to...going to..." Liz helplessly moaned. The canine promptly sealed her lips around the penis, forming a vacuum like suction that she was sure no morph could resist. Liz bucked violently as hir pride was locked in the confining space but Michelle refused to let it budge. She wanted the roo to cum so badly, to finally let loose and experience what shi'd made the shepherd experience previously.

To hir credit, Liz didn't scream. Shi just gasped helplessly and thrashed in the throes of what seemed like a very real orgasm. Briefly Michelle contemplated if this too was something that was programmed by default or if the roo could actually experience pleasure on this sort of scale. When her maw was promptly flooded with thick, raspberry flavored spooge, however, the canine shoved it to the back of her mind. Again the whole thing felt too genuine to be anything other than an actual climax, to hell with the mechanics of how those that had designed Liz had made it possible!

Michelle globbed a huge load of cum over her tits as Sabrina picked a rather perilous moment to lash her g-spot with her tongue. Trying to ignore her own building peak, she gulped down the continuing tides of warm, thick juice. When it became too much for her mouth to handle she just let the cock go and shoot all over her face as well. Messy as it was, there was something intensely satisfying about

getting a cum bath, a sure sign you did your part right in making someone feel on top of the world.

“Damn, holy crud.” The canine gasped as Liz just kept splurging. She caught a few more mouthfuls and swallowed them with reverence, letting herself slide to the floor as Sabrina’s beak cum dildo stuffed itself further into her snatch, just at the right point to set her off as well. Wet warmth rained down from above as it gushed out from below, seeing that Michelle was soon a sticky but extremely satisfied mess.

“That....fuck...that was incredible...” Came the whispered reply as the canine rolled onto her back. A few final drips splattered onto her face as Liz finally reached the end of her reserves, though from the way her cock still stood stiff and proud as ever, the canine guessed she’d soon have another load ready. That made her smile, oddly enough.

“We aim to please.” Sabrina replied as she pulled her beak free. Crawling up the length of the canine’s body she wrapped her in a tight embrace as Michelle got her breath back.

“Well you certainly accomplished that....” Michelle murmured as she kissed the crow. Her beak was dripping with juice so the dog then set about cleaning it up while Liz slid off the chair and joined in the snuggle. “Just...thank you...for accepting my apology.”

Sabrina looked to Liz, who promptly blushed with terrible embarrassment.

“Thank you for trusting us. Your attitude is refreshingly different from those we normally interact with.” Sabrina replied. Releasing the canine she watched with evident interest as Michelle rolled over and hugged the roo tightly. Liz looked even more embarrassed, but seemed to simultaneously welcome the affection.

“Well....I’m also perhaps getting a bit too attached to you for my own good. Don’t think staff are supposed to be so...enthralled with their own...umm...” Michelle hesitated. Clearly she couldn’t bring herself to call the dolls ‘products’, even if that was their intended purpose. Her own mental musings had pushed them far beyond such a category, and sadly made it worse when she then considered her feelings for the one in her arms.

“Perhaps not. But it IS the mindset desired of an end consumer.” Sabrina stated plainly as she rose to check the tablet sitting on the desk. “If you will excuse me, I think I’ll go join Marie and Lotus. You’d probably prefer some time to be together now, without interruption.”

Michelle was about to say that was nonsense, but upon seeing Sabrina giving her a cute wink she realized her intention. Much as she hated to admit it, her time with the dolls was limited, so she had best make the most of it. She turned back to

Liz, feeling her eyes sting with tears as the roo leaned over to clean some of the mess off her face, placing a few gentle kisses here and there as shi did so.

“Do you...want to go grab a shower with me? Help clean me up? There’s towels and stuff in the locker room.” The canine mentioned. Much as she hated to break the moment, it wasn’t all that comfortable sitting on the floor, and her fur was starting to get a bit tacky as the cum dried on it.

“If that is what you want then I will follow.” Liz replied with a dip of her head. “So long as you don’t let go of me. I cannot explain why, but I like being in your arms.”

The bashfulness from such an admission made Michelle’s chest ache. Seriously how was it a machine was managing to hit her definition of a perfect mate better than any of the living folk she’d dated previously?

“Because shi’s designed to be that way.” The shepherd thought morosely to herself as she helped the roo stand up and walked with her to the showers.

Sometime later the two were lying face to face, wrapped up together in one of the XXXL thermal towels Fuckington’s was premiering with their latest collection (“Perfect for a steamy night together, even outside of the bedroom”) lounging on one of the couches in the staff break room. Michelle had made sure to take the tablet with her to keep an eye on the other dolls, but so far they had decided now was the time to just cuddle together rather than explore, leaving the canine free to do likewise with her roo.

Her roo? Well....well why not? So far Liz had definitely captured her interests the most, and shi seemed to likewise be as curious about the shepherd...at least...

“Lizzie...about what Sabrina asked earlier...whether I love you or not...do you...ummm....feel the same way about me?” Michelle tentatively asked. She immediately felt terrible when the marsupial blushed again, even though it made hir look even cuter.

“I...have neither the data nor the experience needed to formulate an answer. I do not know what love is, let alone if I feel it...yet.” The roo replied. Michelle felt her heart jump.

“Yet?” She asked.

“We are programmed to explore emotions, just as we explore kinks and fetishes. Love is merely a parameter I have not had time to process and assimilate.”

The roo sounded very apologetic. Michelle sighed and kissed him again to show she didn't be sorry.

"What do you currently know about how you feel towards me then?" The canine asked. Liz's gaze trekked southward, following his paw as it stroked through the fur of the shepherd's arm, then across the pleurably smooched cushions of their respective chests.

"I know you are a very accepting individual. Despite your initial fear, you now regard me with the same welcome as you would any other entity. You say I am appealing simply for being what I am, not just because of how I look. From that, I definitely can deduce that I like you."

Another jump. Michelle silently begged her heart to please be still.

"Do I love you? It is entirely possible. If what you have expressed towards me is what you would define as 'love', that would help me reach a better understanding and a more satisfactory answer." The marsupial added. Shi nodded that Michelle was free to confirm or deny how she felt in her own time, which ironically just made the dog want to come up with a response that much faster.

"Then I guess my answer...my only answer is..."

DING DONG!

Michelle looked up in disgust as her tender confession was drowned out by the chiming of the clock above the microwave. It only got worse when she saw the numbers slowly click over from 5:59 AM to 6:00 AM.

"Seriously? You've got to be kidding me."

The clock chimed again as if to mock her plight, signifying that yes her shift was over, and with it her time to bond with the marsupial was too.

"Well that just...figures." The shepherd sighed. Looking over at her dear doll again, the canine briefly contemplated letting the morning crew find them as they were, but she quickly acknowledged that that would probably not go as well as she imagined. "Look, we'll pick this up again tonight. Figure out where we both stand."

Nodding that this was probably wise, Liz let herself be released, though it was clear that Michelle hated to do so.

"I will...be where you can find me." The roo replied. The two shared a parting kiss, then Michelle ran back to the security office. Since her uniform was pretty much ruined, she just grabbed her casual wear out of her locker and began to get dressed.

“Why me? Why does it always have to be me who goes for the weirdest ones out there?” The canine despondently pondered as she heard cars pulling up to the warehouse entrance. In a way the timing probably was for the better. She needed to think on this a bit more before giving Liz an answer, not run on just what her emotions were screaming right that second. While others might see it as folly to worry over giving a machine false hope, Michelle knew she at least owed it to the dolls to be honest. How the hell she would deal with the complications afterwards remained to be seen, but that didn’t mean it could not be done.

“Yeah...I’m sure there’s some way this can work. Some way.” She tried to assure herself before heading out to meet the morning crew.